THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE HURRICANE.

DEVOTED TO FUN, FROLIC AND FANCY.

VOLUME 1. CHARLESTON, S. C., SEPTEMBER 1879 NO. 2.

POPPING CORN.

And there they sat a popping corn,
John Styles and Susan Cutter—
John Styles as fat as any oil,
And Susan fat as butter.

The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven and then struck twelve,
And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and She she thought—
The corn did pop and patter—
Till John cried out "The corns a-fire!
Why, Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Styles, it's one o'clock,
You'll die of indigestion
I'm sick of all this popping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?"

EDITH RAY.

PART I—CHILDHOOD.

There lived in a little village [illegible] eastern portion of England [illegible] sting of [illegible] her, a loving father and a darling daughter. Being an only child, Edith Ray was made much of by her fond parents. Who could it impossible to deny her a single whim or fancy. Mr. Ray was engaged in business some distance from home and this caused her mother to look on Edith as a companion in her husband's absence, which was two or three weeks at a time.

There was another inmate of this happy household, which was a source of great pleasure to Edith, joining in with her, in a run or romp across the neighboring field. Nero was a large Newfoundland dog, much prized by his master, both as a fine watch dog as [illegible] of a dear friend, who a short [illegible] had been lost at sea, his ships [illegible] Strange to say, nothing had ever been heard from any of them. Edith had been a regular attendant at Miss Brighton's village school, and stood well in her class, which was very pleasing to her parents, and really so gratified was her father, that when she was about to complete her studies at this primary institution, he began looking around, to find some experienced teacher, who could give his daughter a complete and finished education which would fit her for the battle of life, and enable her successfully to compete with the obstacles and temptations she must surely meet in her womanhood. He only hesitated when he found that in order to accomplish his purpose, it would necessitate sending Edith to a boarding school. For days he turned the matter over in his mind, as to what he should do; conversed with his wife, on the advantages to be gained and deprivations to be endured by her absence from home. Finally Mr. and Mrs. Ray determined to [illegible] to come and stay with [illegible] and let Edith go to Mrs. Laurel's Boarding School which was in a city about [illegible] Edith was to start her [illegible] the Boarding School on 15th Sept. [illegible] necessary [illegible] new life. She knew [illegible] this intention until [illegible] ing following the [illegible] of her graduation at Miss Brighton's.

At the breakfast table [illegible] looking at his wife [illegible] for what he was about [illegible]

"Faith, daughter, [illegible] much your papa [illegible]

Edith [illegible] parents [illegible] one arm around [illegible] and replied, "Yes, I know [illegible] happy.

[illegible] at the [illegible] gently and with so much sincerity [illegible]

For some minutes every thing [illegible] except the [illegible] lay sighing, [illegible] Ray first broke [illegible] that his sister would [illegible] in a few [illegible] to stay with Mrs. Ray [illegible] go down to [illegible] could spare her for a [illegible] to her down with [illegible]

[illegible] countenance [illegible] looked [illegible]

[illegible] the next day [illegible] Edith [illegible] it was a good opportunity [illegible] for a holiday [illegible] commissions [illegible] days after, Edith and papa were on their way to the city.

On arriving there Mr. Ray first called for his sister, and then leaving Edith and herself to enjoy themselves in walking, seeing and shopping, he started to fulfill the commissions entrusted to him by his wife and sister. Spending two or three days very pleasantly the small party left the city for their happy little home, where the travellers received a hearty welcome, and for days Edith could only speak of the pleasant trip she had with papa and aunt Julia to the city.

Next number will contain *"Boarding School Life,"* being a continuation of the above.

—A fashionable morning "wrapper" is the milkman.

"NOT MUCH SIR"

[illegible] that [illegible] week and [illegible] evenings nervous [illegible] object [illegible] the [illegible] something [illegible] what on some [illegible] with [illegible] Sudden [illegible] wife [illegible] H. [illegible] called [illegible] back [illegible] nothing or support.

"Your wife [illegible] you with assault and about [illegible] or [illegible] What [illegible] you [illegible] "Not much [illegible] sir."

"You'd better [illegible] sir."

"[illegible] board [illegible] sir."

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] hatchet, [illegible] of many [illegible]

"You [illegible] anything [illegible] and, [illegible] up with [illegible]

"Hold [illegible] me [illegible] Henry."

"It strikes me that you have [illegible] strong vocabulary at your disposal."

"I [illegible] have [illegible] disposal, and [illegible]"

"Are you [illegible] struck you?"

"I'll swear to it [illegible] Pat."

"[illegible] Now she's [illegible] to [illegible] Henry. She looked at him as if she could commit murder and he hung his head.

"You'll have to give [illegible] to appear for trial, Henry," said His Honor.

"How much [illegible] Henry."

"Five hundred dollars."

"Oh, dear! I can never get that," he groaned as he was led away by two officers. She rushed out and out a determined, fearless specimen of the women who "don't agree to let any man rule her. No, sir, not by a jug full."

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The Hurricane.

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Editress and Proprietress.

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EVA E. BRITTON,

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OUR SAY.

VACATION DAYS.—Vacation days are rapidly drawing to a close, and ere the next number of The Hurricane appears we will be sitting again in our school-room among friends who have been absent for two long months. O, happy day! May the hours, days and weeks fly swiftly by which are drawing us together. The people from the mountains are returning; every day we see again well known faces on the street, which brings the thought—vacation is over.

POLITICAL.—The political sky is rapidly clouding, and the politicians have begun their accustomed "mud-throwing." Every claimant for the Mayoralty claims to be the regular Democratic candidate, and things will be pretty mixed on election day if there are three *regular* Democratic tickets in the field. Gentlemen, some of you will have to "git, or there will be a hurricane."

OUR EXCHANGES.—We have received many and flattering notices from our exchanges of the State press, but our limited space prevents us from publishing them. To all who have been so kind as to notice our efforts we owe our thanks and will try to deserve them.

GEN. HOOD'S CHILDREN.—The brave and gallant Gen. Hood has died from yellow fever, and left eleven small children to look to the world for aid, and sympathy. Let us, then, the children of South Carolina, give our mite towards helping these orphans.

CHEEK.

Yesterday the Hon. Jacob Seebacher mopped his brows and waddled into a street car. He was puffing a fragrant cigar. He had hardly taken his seat and paid his fare before he heard a hallo, and on turning about saw a well dressed young man at the intersection of Broad street, beckoning to him.

"Do you want to see me?" Jacob shouted.

"Yes, very particularly," the youth replied.

Thereupon Jacob stopped the car re-mopped his brows, and waddled out to the sidewalk.

"Give me a light, please, said the stranger.

Jacob accommodated him. "What do you want to see me about?" asked the Assistant Roman.

"Nothing more," was the reply.

At this Jacob swelled with indignation. "Do you mean that you made me lose a cad to ask for a light?"

"That's it," the youth answered. "But don't get excited. The cad will be along the car at in two minutes."

HIS WISH.

He stepped into a green grocer's yesterday morning with a vacant, weary, care worn look on his face.

"Do you want some potatoes?"

"I never eat them. I can't remember what I came in for.

"Perhaps you want some coffee?

"Ain't it funny I can't remember?" remarked the stranger as he scratched his chin with the back of his hand and scanned everything behind the counter in a wild but ineffectual effort to brush up his memory.

"Do you want milk?"

"No, that ain't it."

"Is it macaroni, mustard, chowchow, soap or wine jelly?"

"None of them, sir."

"Possibly you want a small measure of beets?"

"Indeed, I do not." Then his eyes parted and he said:

"I have it now. I remember what I came in for; it all came back to me like a dream of love."

"What do you want?"

"Well, now, it's as plain as day. Wasn't it funny I didn't think of it before?"

"It was rather strange; but what will you have?"

"You won't get mad, will you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, I will tell you. I just stepped in here to ask you if you'll scratch my back a little for me, I have prickle heat."

He wasn't scratched, but had it not been for his activity he would have been kicked.

"John, did you take the note to Mr. Jones?" "Yes; but I dont think he can read it." "Why so, John?" "Because he is blind, sir. While I was in the room he asked me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."

LET US LAUGH TOGETHER.

—A prowed thing—A ship.

—Money is very clothes, said a man who owed his tailor.

—Sullivans Island summer visitors are returning to the city.

—A witty orator is generally given to making jaw-cular remarks.

—A Jersey woman calls her husband mucilage, because he's such a stick.

—An Erie girl calls her fellow, who is a member of the Michigan crew, her evening's tar.

—How to get the best of mosquitoes, says an exchange. But who wants mosquitoes of any quality?

—A smart school-boy says it takes thirteen letters to spell cow, and proves it thus: "See O! double you."

—A late book is entitled "Half Hours with Insects." What a lively half-hour one can have with a flea!

—It takes more energy and business tact to pass a bogus five cent piece than it does to earn a good quarter.

—She was overheard to say to him: "Our parlor stove is up now; do call and see what a little spark it takes to kindle a flame?"

—It is fun to see a man named Brown take his clothes home from a Chinese laundry, and fish out of the bundle an alleged shirt marked Jacobus.

—During the recent excursion from the mountains a gentleman from Columbia called at the Charleston Hotel stables and requested "to hire a horse to ride over to Sullivans Island."

—They had shrimps at the Waverly House the other day, and one of our green country cousins from Newberry exclaimed "You don't expect me to eat them things, do you? Take 'em away."

—"Oh, mamma, that's Captain Jone's knock! I know he has come to ask me to be his wife!" "Well, my dear, you must accept him." "But I thought you hated him so!" "Hate him? I do—so much that I mean to be his mother-in-law."

—A gentleman once remarked to a witty lady of his acquaintance that he must have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. She looked at him carefully, and, noting the size of his mouth, replied, I don't doubt it; but it must have been a soup-ladle.

—A story is going the rounds of the press, called "A son turns up after 25 years' absence." We have often seen a son turned up after an hour's absence; and never thought anything about it.—Boston Post. How could you see when you were facing downward?

—"Some confounded idiot has put that pen where I can't find it!" growled a man the other day as he searched about the desk. "Ah! um! yes! I thought so!" he exclaimed in a lower key, as he took the article from behind his ear.

—The latest yarn about fast time is to the effect that on a certain American railroad a young man put his head out of the car window to kiss his girl good-bye, when the train went ahead so rapidly that he kissed an old African female at the next station.

SHE'S A DAISY.

No fit of fancy formed a part:
Your lovely little self
Just took possession of my heart—
And pelf.

Charmed me your wealth of golden hair
Your pretty lips of pink;
Your face so happy, and so rare
Your wink.

I dreamt of you at even-tide,
I thought of you by day.
I'd take a seat close by your side
To say:—

My dreamful fancy pictured your
Soft, sweet, accented "Yes"
But then [illegible] once so [illegible]
To say.

My passion [illegible] dissolved its [illegible]
Heart [illegible] once so [illegible]
Cause I'd not understand
Tonight.

A MAN AND A GATE A[illegible]

[illegible] which [illegible] tickets [illegible] closed [illegible] oddly [illegible] gate [illegible] "I want [illegible] answer [illegible] Post [illegible] "[illegible] ticket, [illegible] "[illegible] can't help it, please. My [illegible] very strict."

[illegible] "Yes. But we can't help that [illegible] Please show your ticket."

"I want the [illegible] railroad [illegible] stand that I've got a darter in [illegible] ton, and she's got a baby [illegible] old, and I'm going to send her [illegible] in spite of the gates or the [illegible]

"Please show your ticket [illegible]

"I tell you once more" [illegible]

"Please show your ticket [illegible]

She gave the [illegible] umbrella a [illegible] brought it down [illegible] rim of an old fashioned hat [illegible] as he staggered aside she passed him and said:

"There's my ticket sir and I've got more behind it. Mebbe you can run a gate can stop me from [illegible] to my darter's house the baby's nose will mutton tater if the weather changes cold, but I don't believe it."

And she walked down to the train found someone going to Port Huron and came back carelessly humming the melody of "The Three Blind Mice."

SHE WAS PRACTICAL. He rested her tiny hand in his he vowed [illegible] from the wind and from the world's cold storms. She set her beautiful eyes upon him, and with her rosebud lips, said she, "An umbrella will [illegible]

OUR LOOK OUT.

—Oisteryer.

—Excursions are over.

—Laugh, be happy, and subscribe to The Hurricane.

—Who's to be our next Mayor. Don't all speak at once.

—The very latest agony is for the gentleman to take the lady's arm when promenading.

—He put his arm around her waist and swore an awful swore remarking as he drew it back. I've got that pain [illegible]

—It cause the [illegible] to [illegible] tension to read a postcard [illegible]

[illegible]

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant; to give up, a household treasure; finis; a vowel.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

In oyster not in crab,
In square not in grab,
In secret not in crab,
In casket not in cab,
In killing not in stab,
In striking not in jab
In [illegible] not in gab
[illegible] "[illegible]"
The whole you'll find is funny.

For the [illegible] correct answer to the above puzzle [illegible] for the subscription to The Hurricane.

The answer to our Enigma of last [illegible] The Hurricane [illegible]

[illegible] correct answer was received from Master Geo. F. David, who [illegible] with month's subscription [illegible] Answers [illegible] received from others, and while [illegible] our paper to all we hope [illegible] be in next issue.

[illegible] News and Courier not [illegible] Are we to small. We [illegible] who for they give [illegible] They began [illegible] as we. We may [illegible] once yet. Who knows. [illegible] you know [illegible] little [illegible] we can [illegible]

[illegible] What [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] and chin trembling [illegible] head didn't move a much till two o'clock. When the [illegible] opened he walked in, presented, his [illegible] of old position and said:

[illegible] "[illegible] the man breeded [illegible] put [illegible] his wife [illegible] and as he [illegible] the w[illegible]

"[illegible] the closest escape I [illegible] life, and I won't [illegible]

A [illegible] his [illegible] in a [illegible] He said that was the proper way to [illegible]

[illegible] dis[illegible] as pu[illegible] attempt along and [illegible] She's shu[illegible]

[illegible] and beg[illegible] ked off an[illegible] She'll op[illegible] clock. [illegible] the low[illegible] [illegible] Pll [illegible]

[illegible] subject [illegible] has spent the evening [illegible] who resides on the [illegible] starts, and as we pass Bro[illegible] here comes the jan[illegible] selling honey cakes [illegible] [illegible] chuck [illegible] We are [illegible] King Street [illegible] party [illegible] are the [illegible] stout of Nowe[illegible] [illegible] At her [illegible] stretch [illegible] till the car has reached [illegible] and the last car has [illegible]

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